

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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THE PROGRESS OF UNIVERSALISM IN LIMITARIAN SECTS*.

BY OTIS A. SKINNER.

It has been said, by one of the greatest men who ever lived, that there is no danger from error, if truth is left free to combat it. Though this saying is proved correct by all history, there is, and ever has been, a disposition to seek the extermination of error, by oppressive measures, and the promotion of truth by unfair means. People seem afraid to trust the truth without surrounding it by various extraneous supports, as though of itself it had not strength to grapple with error. Could such be made to see how greatly they dishonor truth; what a just cause they give for suspicion respecting it, they would pursue a different course; and seek to unfold its claims, knowing that just in proportion as these are seen, it is safe—invulnerable against all attacks.

This distrust of truth has been one of the most fruitful sources of evil from which curses have flowed into the church. The different parties which have existed, instead of asking, What is truth? and following the path which learning and investigation open, have employed all their learning and talents to sustain the systems which they have adopted, and defeat those who differ from them. Hence the persecutions which have disgraced the church in every age. Hence the arts, and devices, and manœuvring employed, to gain some advantage over an opposing sect; the attempts to press the State into the service of different sects; to surround them by the strong bulwark of creeds, institutions, patronage, and fashion. Few, very few have ever been willing to trust their faith to its own claims; few, indeed, have relied for its success upon its truth.

Look at a few facts in history. In the first few centuries of the church, we find a belief in the salvation of all men extensively prevalent, and advocated by some of the most distinguished of the fathers. At length, in consequence of the converts to Christianity bringing with them into the church their heathen idea of punishment, the doctrine of endless punishment gains the ascendancy. No sooner is this done, than oppressive measures are employed to put down Universalism. Its works are burned, and its advocates are denounced as heretics, and doomed to the ignominy of excommunication.

From that time onward to the reformation, we see the Church pursuing an arbitrary system of legislation to

prevent inquiry; to keep down every doctrine which differed from the received standard. Its efforts were eminently successful, though the effects of its policy were fearfully disastrous to the interests of true piety. Iniquity grew in strength, the longer the policy was pursued; and the dominion of evil increased in the same ratio as the dominion of this policy. Affairs waxed worse and worse, till religion seemed to have lost all its sway; and the church was wholly under the control of expedients and intrigues, and arbitrary laws. All truth was effectually banished, and its blessed power was nowhere felt in nourishing the love, guiding the steps, or governing the actions of the people.

This state of things could not continue. The corruption produced was so great, the discordant elements were so violent and destructive, that the immense mass would have fallen into atoms, had not the reformers risen up against the abuses. They severed chains which were rusty with the blood of centuries; they dug away the vast masses beneath which truth was deeply covered; and they caused people to see that there was something better than oppression, than intrigue and expedients. This was the termination of a long, gloomy, and desolate night; and the ushering in of a glorious day. True, the darkness receded slowly, and the light, at first, dawned but feebly. The right blow, however, was struck, and struck at the right time; and, from that hour, truth has marched on in triumph, and rejoicing millions have sung its songs of victory.

The greatest thing done by the reformation was to open the way for truth; to free it from fetters; to give it liberty to exert its sway. That is all that truth asks. Give it an open field and fair play, and nothing in the universe can keep it down. If any doubt this, look at the advances which truth has made since the reformation in every part of the world where inquiry has been tolerated. As my limits will not permit me to speak of all the advances of truth, I will notice that feature of it in which we feel the most interest. The progress which our views of punishment have made, are in the highest degree encouraging, and show, as clearly as anything can show, their ultimate triumph. Our denomination now numbers in North America 1120 societies, about 725 preachers, and has about as many houses of worship as preachers. In numbers it has become about the fourth sect in this country.

But this statement gives no idea of the progress which our doctrine has made. In order to see this, consider

1. That there is not probably a Protestant church in our country, in which the doctrine of infant damnation is now preached. This horrible dogma, which once held a prominent place in the popular creed, has been wholly discarded. The rejection of it, I grant, is illogical, and at war with doctrines yet held; but logic is eschewed rather than hold to this odious and barbarous idea. If a certain number of the race were reprobated to endless woe for the glory of God, what reason can be given for supposing that none of the reprobates die in infancy? And if children come into the world totally depraved, and under the curse and wrath of God for Adam's sin, what can prevent their endless punishment if they die in that

* For the extracts in this article, I am indebted to a work containing Rev. John Foster's letter and an Appeal to the Tract Society, published by Philips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

state? These difficulties, however, are disregarded, and not a theologian can be found to teach the damnation of infants. But, within the memory of many now living, the doctrine has been taught—and taught in its most repulsive form. There are not a few yet among us who have heard, from pulpits in this city, that hell was paved with infant skulls, not a span long! What a long step towards Universalism was the giving up of this monstrous doctrine!

2. The next step towards the truth was abandoning the idea of a hell of literal fire. There are many who can well recollect the time when the clergy generally taught that hell was a place of literal fire; literally a lake of fire and brimstone; literally a prison filled with fire. Ambrose says, "Hell torments are to the uttermost extremity; the fire is a hundred times hotter than the fire of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, that was heated seven times hotter than at usual times." The distinguished Emmons of New England, the pride and boast of orthodox churches, renowned for his logic and soundness in the faith, taught that hell was a great prison, in which sinners would be locked by the Savior.

Hopkins, who was equally renowned, taught that one part of the torments of hell would consist in the liquid fire in which the wicked will forever burn. He held that the sun, moon and stars will be all converted into fire, and that into this fire sinners will be plunged.

If such were the views of the master minds of the church, we hazard nothing in saying they were the common views. I remember to have heard a clergyman preach not more than fifteen years ago, against Universalism, whose idea of hell was purely material. Universalists, he said, were a wonderful people. They could kill those worms which were undying, and they could quench those fires which were unquenchable.

These ideas of hell are all given up. There may be here and there an ignorant fanatic who still holds them; but all intelligent clergymen, all whose opinion is worth mentioning, look upon them as the relics of heathenism, handed down by superstition from the dark ages. The only hell now preached is a hell of conscience.

3. The next step towards the truth was lessening the degree of future misery. The pictures formerly drawn of hell, were in the highest degree awful. The condition of the lost was supposed to be as terrible as the Almighty himself could make it. Pike, in his "Persuasives to Early Piety," thus speaks of hell:

"Eternity, Eternity! this completes the sinner's misery. O young sinner, if once you sink to hell, it will make even hell itself more horrid, to think that you must be forever there. 'The intolerableness,' says one, 'of your pain and torment will make every day seem an age, and every year as long as eternity; and yet you must lie there an eternity of these long years.' Had a lost soul in hell but the faintest hope of deliverance, though at the end of as many millions of ages as there are drops in the sea, hell would lose half its horrors. But now, alas! eternity, which might have been the measure of their joys, will be the only measure of their torments. There the fire never shall be quenched. *Could a lost soul shed but one tear once in ten thousand years, and do this till a sea as vast as all the seas on earth together were filled with tears, all its sufferings in that long, long period, would be but the beginning of eternal misery.* All those millions of years of wretchedness would bring the unhappy soul no nearer to an end of its torments than one poor fleeting hour. O infinitely miserable creatures! that, when millions of years of sorrow are past, can only say, 'These flames again, these tortures again;' and when millions more have flown, will still find their miseries beginning, and forever see an eternity of misery still before them. . . . Alas for you that ever you were born! for

when your future wretchedness has lasted as many millions of miserable years as there are sands on the seashore, it will be but beginning; and when it has continued as many more, it will be no nearer ending. A headache, or a tooth-ache, or a burning fever for one night, is painful; but what is this to a painful eternity? How slowly go your hours when kept sleepless with pain! how long they seem, while you count hour after hour in sad succession, and wish the morning to appear! but there is no easy morning to follow the night of hell. How slowly will go a sad eternity there, when no hope of an end appears!"

Saurin speaks in the same manner: "Again," he says, "we must revolve through these enormous periods,—again we must suffer a privation of celestial happiness,—devouring flames again,—cruel remorse again,—crimes and blasphemies over and over again! *Forever! forever! Ah! how severe is this word, even in this life! How great is a misfortune when it is incapable of relief!—how insupportable, when we are obliged to add for ever to it! These irons for ever! these chains for ever! this prison forever! this universal contempt for ever! this domestic trouble forever! Poor mortals! how short-sighted are you to call sorrows eternal, which end with your lives! What! this life!—this life, that passes with the rapidity of a weaver's shuttle!—this life, which vanisheth like a sleep! Is this what you call for ever? Ah! absorbing periods of eternity,—accumulated myriads of ages,—these, if I may be allowed to speak so,—these will be FOR EVER of the damned!"*

Thus all the damned went to the same place, and shared the same woe—and that woe was such that Saurin says, in describing it:

"I sink under the weight of this subject; and I declare, when I see my friends, my relations, the people of my charge,—when I think that I, that you, that we are all threatened with these torments,—when I see, in the lukewarmness of my devotions, in the languor of my love, in the faintness of my resolutions and designs, the least evidence, though it be only probable or presumptive, of my future misery, that I find in the thought a mortal poison, which diffuses itself into every period of my life, rendering society tiresome, nourishment insipid, pleasure disgusting, and life itself a cruel bitter,—I cease to wonder that a fear of hell has made some melancholy, and others mad."

These views are no longer orthodox. Now men begin to talk about the degrees of future misery; and, instead of seeking to represent that misery as great as possible, divines are constantly employed in softening it down. To some, it is supposed that it will be very great,—it will be great to murderers, great to pirates, great to great sinners; but not to those whose crimes are few—who lived but a little while in sin; whose impenitence was the result of thoughtlessness, rather than a determined desire to do wrong. Some orthodox ministers have said, that the lowest seat in heaven would be but a shade better than the least uncomfortable seat in hell.

Thus divines are gradually softening future misery. There are degrees of misery; there is beginning to be some idea of showing justice, *even to the damned.* Thus our opponents are coming over to us—gradually, to be sure, but they are coming. The sun rises gradually, and men progress gradually in knowledge.

4. The next step towards the truth was that of lessening the number to be damned. Once, it was thought that only here and there one would be saved. If one in a thousand should be saved, it was supposed that it would be a wonderful triumph for the Lord. An old clergyman, in preaching upon the subject, said that not more than two then in the house of God, and the number was very large, would be saved. This led to the inquiry who

the two were, that were to be thus blessed. Finally, it was concluded that it must be one of the deacons, and a pious elderly lady of the church; and they went to the minister to know whether they were right, but he was greatly offended to think that they had left him out!

These narrow notions now find no favor. It is now thought that not one in a thousand will be lost; that the number lost will bear about the same proportion to the entire race, that the number of convicts bears to our whole population; that the conquests of Jesus will be so extensive, that the damned are hardly worth taking into the account; and that he comes so near saving all that he may justly be called a universal Savior.

Thus our opponents are coming over. They are, every little while, changing their position; but every time they change, they come nearer to us. There is no instance in which they have gone away from us. True, they still say, Universalism is a bad doctrine—an awful doctrine—and yet, they are hurrying on to it with an almost breathless speed!

5. The next step towards the truth is being taken. The heaven is in the lump, and some are already leavened. In Great Britain, Germany, and in this country, there are vast numbers who believe with us, in the ranks of the orthodox.

Dr. Cheever, in a review of Festus, a poem teaching Universalism, says:

"The favor which this poem has met with in England may be accounted for, we think, at least in some measure, by the prevalence of a secret pantheistic, universalistic tendency, even in a quarter where such things might least be expected. We know, from conversation with gentlemen in old England, that, *even among the more evangelical portion of believers there, it is rare to find such an unhesitating reception and credit of the word of God, in regard to the future punishment of the wicked*, as has prevailed in New England, and as constitutes the basis of all true theology, of all profound and vigorous theological science. The secret unsettledness of many minds in regard to the great fundamental doctrine of a future endless retribution, and the prevailing doubts as to the nature or existence of retributive justice, would prepare the way for the reception of such a bold, vast, unhesitating system of universal necessity, and universal salvation, and universal confusion between good and evil, as is contained in this poem."

The Christian Review, the Baptist Quarterly of this city, says:

"There were some *orthodox divines* with whom he [Foster] associated, who did not believe in eternal punishment. *The unbelief may be more extensive than we are apt to think.* The doctrine of eternal punishment was vigorously opposed in the meeting of the Christian Alliance."

The New York Evangelist says, in speaking of a Convention held in London, A. D., 1846:

"The recent Convention in London, for the formation of the Evangelical Alliance, has had one incidental effect which was not contemplated by those who were active in getting up that movement. It has unveiled the fact before the world, and especially it has fixed the attention of the American churches upon the fact, that *the so-called evangelical religion of England, and of Europe, is infected, to an alarming extent, with a tendency to Universalism.*"

Henry E. Dwight, speaking of his travels in the north of Germany, says:

"The doctrine of the eternity of future punishment is almost universally rejected. *I have seen but one person in Germany who believed it, and but one other whose mind was wavering on this subject.*"

Professor Stuart thus speaks of the prevalence of Universalism among the orthodox of this country:

"In respect to the other class [of Universalists], or *Restorationists*, justice would require some change of tone and representation. There are indeed among them men of like temperament and demeanor with those already characterized. But there are not a few of a different character, and whose doubts and difficulties are entitled to kind and respectful consideration. *Not a few persons in our community secretly belong to this class.* They perceive the extravagant and obtrusive assumptions of those who deny any future punishment; and fearing to encourage them in their error, they withhold the expression of their own doubts and difficulties, guarding themselves at the same time from expressing and inculcating any positive belief in the doctrine of endless punishment. *Thus they live, and perhaps die, without ever making any explicit avowal of their secret belief*, or, at least, of their secret doubts. *And among these are not a few of the professed preachers of the Gospel.*"

Here you have some idea of the progress which Universalism has made among the limitarian sects. You must remember who our witnesses are in this case, and you must remember the circumstances under which they give their testimony. They do not know half the Universalism there is in their ranks. I venture to say, that not one half of the men who support orthodox preaching in Boston, have any more faith in endless misery than I have. I am ashamed of them. They are a disgrace to the faith which they cherish. I know their excuses. One has an orthodox companion, another has an orthodox father or mother, or grand-parent, another owns a pew in an orthodox church, and so on through a long chapter. If all who reject the doctrine of endless punishment would withhold their support from it, one half of the churches in Boston, if not in all New England, would within one year be occupied by Universalist ministers! And if the Unitarians who have no faith in endless misery would honestly avow their opinions and defend them, the doctrine of God's illimitable love would soon be triumphant in the Eastern States.

The tide, however, is bearing us on, and the day of triumph is hastening. There is a growing dissatisfaction in all the orthodox churches of this city, with the doctrines preached. The ministers are complained of as being behind the times—as not liberal enough. Give us, they say, such men as Bushnell and Henry W. Beecher.

The orthodox of this country are divided into numerous parties. There are some half-dozen separate schools, between which there are important differences; and these differences are daily widening, because some are progressing much faster than others. All their differences are in relation to points of doctrine which we have discarded. Hitherto they have kept up a formal fellowship, and gone hand in hand in their general measures; but a careful observer can everywhere see signs of growing dissatisfaction. There is a deep under-current heaving mightily. The great Tract Society, by which it has been hoped that the religious mind of our country could be shaped, is destined ultimately to be a serious evil, and produce bitter contentions. The conscientious will not long consent to aid in the circulation of works filled with extravagant and false accounts of conversions. The liberals will not consent to aid in the circulation of books filled with doctrines which they think a libel on the character of God and Christ. The manly and honorable will not consent to aid in circulating works filled with falsehoods, and with gross attacks upon the motives and characters of those whom the world respects and esteems.

When these three classes of works are stricken from the list of the publications of the American Tract Society, but a small number will be left. The plan for the operations of this Society bears strongly the marks of that cunning and calculation for which priestcraft has ever been distinguished. By begging a part of the mo-

ney employed in issuing its publications, the society is enabled to monopolize the trade, by supplying the market at a cheaper rate than individual enterprise can do it. In this way it keeps the country flooded with its works, and exercises a mighty influence in forming the public sentiment. Individuals, families, churches, and sabbath schools purchase its books, because they can be obtained cheap. But many of its publications are beginning to be obnoxious to the religious sense of the world; and ere long the managers will be called to an account for squandering money in the publication of works which are regarded as a disgrace to the Christian name. People, too, are beginning to see that the power exerted by such a corporation is not favorable to truth, to freedom of inquiry, and equal rights. It has an inquisitorial tribunal, to whose taste, and judgment, and opinion every man must fit his book, or it cannot gain currency. The growing individualism of the age, the increasing love of independence, the manly boldness which are rising into virtues, the ripening desire to throw off all shackles and leave truth to its own divine energies, will ere long make this engine of priestcraft universally obnoxious. Then truth shall quicken its speed, yea, it shall run and be glorified; and her triumphs far outshine those which have signalized her march for the last century. Her empire is the world, and the day of her final conquest is hastening on. Let us be true to the Gospel.

Boston, June, 1849.

Original.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. PAUL,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT A. D., 181, BY DAVID, THE GRAND-SON OF ST. LUKE, TO SEVERUS, A CONVERTED ROMAN.

LETTER VI.

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND:—

In Philippi, there was a young female slave afflicted with a peculiar kind of insanity. The ignorant people, believing that she possessed the gift of prophecy, gave large sums of money to her master, for the purpose of having their fortunes told by her. With a sagacity common in insane people, or by a bold utterance of what others secretly believed but dared not confess, she followed the disciples from place to place, crying out, "These men are the servants of the most high God, which show unto us the way of salvation." For several days she continued to follow them about, and at brief intervals uttered these words. When they spake, she was silent; but the moment they ceased speaking, her shrill, wild voice was heard. Contrary to their usual custom, and for reasons unknown to me, the apostles hesitated to heal her. But at length, wearied by her presence and noise, Paul suddenly restored her to mental health. The performance of this miracle was the signal for a furious outbreak of popular passion. Paul and Silas were immediately arrested by those individuals that profited by the young woman's misfortunes, and dragged before the rulers. A mob collected, and being told that the prisoners were Jews, and troublesome men; that they despised the laws of Moses and the gods of Rome, a clamor was raised for the immediate punishment of the accused. Paul made several attempts to address the multitude, but yells, groans, and hisses drowned his voice. The magistrates, fearing for their own safety in such a tumult, or participating in the riot, rent their clothes, and ordered the prisoners to be

scourged. Not content with this illegal conduct, they then put the apostles into jail. But notwithstanding their whipping, confinement, and danger, Paul and Silas spent the night in worship. Before morning the jailor was converted, and, removing them to his own apartment, washed their wounds, and gave them food to eat.

The next day the magistrates recovered the use of their senses, and found that in the excitement of the moment they had committed a crime, which, under the Roman laws, was severely punished. Ashamed of their own deeds, and fearful of the consequences, they commanded an officer to liberate the apostles and request them to leave the city. But Paul was not disposed to let such unworthy magistrates escape so easily. Knowing his vantage ground, he fell back on the sacred rights and privileges of his Roman citizenship, and returned answer worthy of the man, the Roman, and the Christian. "You have beaten us openly, uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now you would thrust us out privily! Nay, verily; come yourselves and fetch us out." The weak magistrates were greatly terrified when they received this significant and threatening message. And they had cause to fear. For according to the laws of the empire, an insult to a citizen was an insult to the imperial majesty of Rome. With many of the principal inhabitants they went to the prison, and after humbly apologizing for their conduct, begged Paul and Silas to depart; and *they*, having taught the magistrates a useful lesson, left Philippi. The noble, and apparently haughty bearing of Paul towards the rulers, was followed by lasting benefits to the Christians. The excitable populace and weak judges knowing that he could at any subsequent time bring them to justice for their violation of the law, were, for many years, extremely careful not to offend again in a similar manner.

From the prison, Paul and Silas went to the house of Lydia, an eminent, wealthy, and zealous woman. There they met the brethren, and after uniting in prayer, departed for Thessalonica. In this city they were kindly entertained by Jason, one of Paul's relatives, and for three successive Sundays preached in the Jewish synagogue. Many of the principal inhabitants enlisted under the banner of the cross, some of whom, in after years, became advocates of the truth, and gained a martyr's crown during the reigns of Nero and Domitian. But the intolerant Jews, envious of Paul's success, and hating the doctrines he taught, resolved to kill him. They collected a mob of that class of men, which, in cities, are usually found loafing around places of public resort, or skulking in the dens of iniquity, and attacked the house of Jason. Not finding their intended victim there, and being determined to have a victim, they seized Jason and brought him into the street. But the rulers soon quieted the rioters, and effected the liberation of the prisoner. While the mob were thus employed, Paul and Silas left the city, and proceeded to Berea. Here they were hospitably entertained, and those who heard them preach, instead of manifesting passion, searched the Scriptures daily, to see if their words were true and, as you may well suppose, a large church was soon collected. But, in a short time, Jews from Thessalonica stirred up the people, and the apostles were obliged to leave Berea.

Paul was now a man somewhat advanced in years

Fifty-six winters had frosted his hair, while they had failed to cool his ardor. And yet his recent severe toils and persecutions seem to have exhausted him. He was weary, and wished for repose, and unaccompanied by any of the brethren, he turned towards the world-renowned city of Athens. The healthiness of the climate, the beauty of the natural scenery, the productions of genius which filled the place, the inspiring associations connected with every object, the peaceful character of the inhabitants, and the philosophical atmosphere of the groves, made Athens a very desirable place for the residence of the polished scholar, the profound philosopher, the thrilling orator, and the humble apostle of Jesus Christ. Paul was neither churl nor bigot. While devoting his life to the ministry of reconciliation, he could, without compromising the dignity of his character as an apostle, beguile a leisure hour in conversation with some fluent and flexible Greek, or admire those splendid productions of art which filled and adorned the city.

One circumstance, however, rendered his stay in Athens unpleasant. The inhabitants were wholly given to idolatry. Statues of heathen divinities, of every rank and form, stood at the corners of the streets, overlooked the public squares, and filled the groves. They were so numerous that a pagan writer remarks, with bitter sarcasm, "Athens is so full of divinities, that you can more easily find a god, there than a man." In their ignorance and superstition they erected an altar to the UNKNOWN GOD. They were afraid of slighting one of the thirty thousand Gods worshipped by heathen nations, and erected this altar in honor of one to them unknown.

Thus situated, Paul soon forgot his desired repose. He first directed his attention to the Jews. He preached to them in the synagogues, and in the market place. While thus engaged, he came in contact with the Stoics and Epicureans. The first listened with a frown, the second smiled and went by. But the earnestness of his manner, and the singularity of his doctrine, soon attracted general attention. Crowds followed wherever he went, and listened with astonishment when he spoke of Christ and the resurrection. Public curiosity was soon fully aroused. "What hath this babbler to say?" inquired the immovable and haughty stoic. "O, nothing very special, only he seems to be a setter forth of strange gods," responded the careless Epicurean.

For the purpose of ascertaining the exact nature of his sentiments, several of the leading philosophers politely requested him to speak on the top of a hill near the middle of the city. He complied with the request. After arriving there they informed him that he was at liberty to speak.

I have often thought, my excellent Severus, that this was one of the sublimest scenes in the life of Paul, —a scene worthy of the painter's brush, and sculptor's chisel. At his feet lay Athens, in its pride and beauty. Around stood the statues of those gods before which the Athenians and their ancestors had bowed in worship, looking on that solitary old man, with their marble eyes. Near by were some of the most celebrated temples the world ever saw, dedicated to the gods of Greece. Beyond the city lay the plains, hills and dales of Attica, immortalized by deeds of noble daring, and studded with the monuments of noble men. Nor was the audience less imposing. There sat the pleasure-seeking Epicurean, denying the exist-

ence of a God, and the immortality of the soul. There the stern Stoic leaned upon his staff, and while admitting the existence of God, contending that fatalism was the law of the universe, and that perfection consists in overpowering and controlling the passions, in despising pain and in submitting without a murmur to the decree of fate. A little beyond stood a disciple of Socrates, who having studied the rules of disputation as laid down by his master, was anxious to reason with Paul. By his side was a follower of Plato, who, having permitted his imagination to roam unchecked, was lost in transcendental dreams. Women, children, mechanics, soldiers, sailors, and slaves completed the group.

Paul rose. A death-like silence pervaded the vast assembly. He looked upon the scene and his audience, and felt the solemnity of the situation, and the importance of his mission. He thought upon the dangers which threatened, but the thought was driven from his mind by an ardent desire to benefit his hearers. After a moment's pause, he addressed them in nearly the following language: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by and looked at your altars, I saw one on which these words were written, 'TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.' Whom, therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you. This God made the world, and all things therein, and as he is Lord of heaven and earth, he cannot dwell in temples made with hands. Neither is he worshipped by men's hands, as though he needed anything, for he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after and find him, though he be not far from every one of us; for in him we live, and move, and have our being, as certain also of your own poets have said, 'For we are also his offspring.' Therefore, O Athenians! ye should not think that the Infinite One is like unto your statues of gold, silver, and stone. But though the times of this great ignorance were winked at, yet the word has gone forth that men should repent! And ye should repent, if for no other reason, yet for this: God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world, by that man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him up from the dead." They listened until the utterance of this last sentence. But the moment he spoke of the resurrection from the dead, the meeting broke up in confusion. Many wished him to proceed, but the continually increasing noise compelled him to desist.

You must not forget, my young friend, that in Athens Paul was contending against a host. He engaged in the contest single-handed, for there was not another Christian in the whole city.

Farewell,

DAVID.

Original.

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1849.

My Dear Hallock:

After a sleepless night, I arrived in the Yankee City this morning, and must give you an account of the day. By the way, Boston is a pretty little city, prim, neat, easy, well-bred, good-natured, but all smashed up in a heap—

I except the Commons. While she is unusually intelligent, she foolishly thinks herself a *genius*, and makes herself ridiculous by endeavoring to sing 'Moses in Egypt,' while she should stick to 'Old Hundred.' We acknowledge that she is exceedingly beautiful, but she is at the same time a little coquettish, and has the disgusting habit of allowing every big buck 'nigger' that comes along to kiss her right on her pouting, ruby lips. Notwithstanding these things Boston, is superior in many respects to New York. There is more of her according to her size. New York is overgrown, haggard, dirty, almost sluttish, has not washed her broad, ugly, mud-daubed face these four years, and has taken so much calomel at the hands of her political physicians, that she would on no account dare to take a bath.

I went at an early hour to the Melodeon to hear the 'Lions' in the anti-capital punishment meeting. In the chair was Rev. Mr. May of Syracuse. Rev. Mr. Channing, of Boston, first spoke. His speech was full of earnest thought, of subdued enthusiastic feeling, and told well upon an immense audience. We were all prisoners, all criminals, for every one had sinned. We were all in one great penitentiary, whose discipline was reformatory, whose director was the Supreme. Man had no right to judge his brother man. Many a convict was less guilty in the sight of Heaven than his prisoners. Our system of so-called punishment was all wrong. Our penal laws were mostly vindictive, and altogether relentless. The mercy of the Gospel was not known in judicial tribunals. Men were condemned, not for their amount of guilt, but for the kind of guilt. The present system of punishment had a tendency to harden rather than reform the criminal. We have no space to speak of his arguments at length. His reasoning was clear, irresistible, but we are constrained to say that he showed the defects in the present system without pointing out a better one. A reformer, however, must go beyond the mark, in order to bring conservatives up to it.

Rev. Mr. May then told a story of touching interest showing the power of kindness in reforming the criminal. We would gladly relate the same, but we respect the request that the circumstances might not be reported. We must be permitted to say, however, that it was an other example of the disinterested goodness of that man of whose benevolence, the public have already so many proofs. Would that there were more such men in this world as Rev. Mr. May!

Mrs. Foster then spoke, with ease, elegance and power. She wandered from the legitimate subject of the meeting, to a discussion of the slavery question.—She concluded her remarks by saying in substance:—"What would you think of a man who has been a prominent anti-slavery lecturer, who has spoken bitterly of Southern institutions, who has denounced the slaveholder, classing him with thieves and robbers, if he should welcome to a Northern city one who has been accustomed to traffic in beings made but a little lower than the angels in heaven? What would you think of that man if he should take the slaveholder to his own house! introduce him to the bosom of his own family! give to him in marriage his own daughter! What would you think of the consistency, to say nothing about the purity and integrity, of that man if he should prove to be a Unitarian minister? I pause for a reply."

The Rev. John Pierpont from the opposite side of the platform rose, calmly, but with a mingled look of distress, and subdued indignation. All were as still as if in the house of death. We were reminded of Felix before Paul. The reverend gentleman responded in the tone of an injured man: "It is true I have myself married my own daughter to a slaveholder. In defence, I have to urge that I did not know that the gentleman was a slave-

holder until after my daughter had pledged to him her hand. She was of sufficient, more than sufficient age, to deliberate, to decide, for herself. Under these circumstances I felt it my duty after an engagement had been made, not to interfere." At this point, a man in the audience rose and put the question directly, whether he would have interfered if he had learned that the gentleman to whom his daughter had been engaged, was a thief? The audience rebuked the questioner by smartly hissing. The accused refused to answer the question and was finely cheered by the audience. He said further that he was in correspondence with his son-in-law in regard to the subject, and hoped to be the means of converting him. In regard to the whole matter, while we respect the integrity of a woman so pure and gifted as Mrs. Foster, we can but doubt the propriety, the justice of arraigning a man whose unbending rectitude has never been questioned before the tribunal of the public for a seeming inconsistency. We can but think it indelicate, thus to feast idle curiosity with private affairs, with family secrets. A man in the nineteenth century ought to have at least the Roman privilege of finding a place of refuge in his own house. *Judge not that ye be not judged.*

In the afternoon, Wendell Phillips spoke too, too briefly. If Jove would vouchsafe to speak English, he would most certainly use the language of this most eloquent, most accomplished, most benevolent man.

Mr. Phillips was followed by Wm. Loyd Garrison, who made a long, straight forward, argumentative, prosy, dull speech, which gave the anxious time for repose to quiet their nerves, and the dull a chance to take a refreshing nap.

Rev. Mr. Whittemore, of the 'Trumpet,' was then introduced, who made a plain, common-sense, good speech, full of good feeling, spiced with pointed wit, brought down to the capacity of the audience by apt illustration. He reviewed the trial and execution of Washington Goode, and censured severely the pardoning power for not using its prerogative. He called forth repeated bursts of applause and his speech was received the best of all.

The remarks of Rev. Mr. Whittemore called forth Rev. Mr. King, an orthodox clergyman, who attended Goode in his last hours. The audience were much gratified to learn that the Rev. gentleman was opposed to capital punishment.

He was followed by a man of no despicable powers, whose name we have forgotten, who assumed more shapes in body and in mind than the fabled Proteus. Imagine to yourself a man standing tip-toe, his legs about two feet apart, grasping the skirts of his coat in his hand, and holding them perpendicular to his body, his head thrown back on an angle of about forty-five degrees, leaning forward so far that every one of his hearers is spontaneously holding out his arms, feeling by a kind of nervous sympathy that the speaker is about to fall; imagine further that his thoughts, indeed admirable and just, are assuming a language-body, in itself beautiful, but twisted out of all shape, with spasmodic trembling in the limbs, with a nervous twitching of the face, not without a certain apoplectic tendency, and you will have as good an idea of his speaking as you can have without hearing him.

Rev. Mr. Pierpont then introduced a poor laborer, who is himself a whole reform society,—president, secretary, treasurer, visiting committee, and all. He had a list of the names of those that he had bailed from the police, and other courts, eight yards in length. The eight hundred that he had rescued, with scarcely an exception, had returned to a sober, industrious, useful course of life. The reverend gentleman who introduced him, said truly, *a greater than Solomon is here.*

We cannot omit in giving an account of the meeting to mention the services of Miss Abby Folsom, in keeping every body on the right track. She took the privilege (which it was entirely useless to deny her) of speaking whenever, and in whatever manner she chose. She commanded the audience, as by a voice of enchantment, and with scorpion tongue rebuked without mercy any one who opposed her.

A few others spoke, but I have already written too much. Public agitations of this kind have a tendency to soften penal laws, and to bring into practical use the mercy of the new dispensation.

Yours, most truly.

O. W. W.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY JUNE 30, 1849.

B. B. HALLOCK & H. LYON.

OUR PATRONS.

If our subscribers will look over the file of their papers of the present volume they will scarcely be able to find a single regular *dun*. We have avoided the practice of dunning for reasons at once obvious to every mind.

Yet the recent change in our editorial and business departments, makes the payment of present arrearages, just now, very desirable.

Our patrons are aware that our terms are strictly in advance. They wish to have the paper well printed, in good type, and in every way respectable, and worthy their patronage. To do this we must pay our printer, our paper dealer, our carriers, &c., on "pay day," and where are our funds? They are with our patrons; if they pay us we can meet our liabilities promptly and justly; if they fail we are thrown into defeat and embarrassment. Subscribers can send the price of their subscriptions by mail from any part of the State, or the United States. Let all arrearages come into our office next week, the paper will be better for it, the publishers will feel much better, and everything will be more in harmony with the progress and improvement of the present age. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

HALLOCK & LYON.

CLERICAL BANKRUPTCY.

Rev. G. W. Doane, the Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey, is said to have become bankrupt for the round sum of \$250,000. He has been living in princely splendor for many years, imitating his noble and lordly brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, who have palaces consecrated to their use in every diocese, which usually excel in magnificence the mansions of Dukes and Earls. Not long ago he raised a cross upon the top of his house that his piety and self-denial "might be seen of men," as they passed up and down the Delaware, or along the line of the railroad; forgetting all the while the injunctions to "owe no man anything," to make himself "an ensample to the believers in all things," to be not "high-minded but fear." Being regularly descended, perhaps he thought he need not say with Paul, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, by which the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Gal. vi. 14. He thinks, doubtless, that he can magnify his office by living in great splendor, and trying his hand at financiering in worldly matters.

The worst of all is, that he now undertakes to shirk all re-

sponsibility, under the sanctity of his office, and to avoid all attempts to look into the moral bearing of his conduct. At a recent Convention of the Church in his Diocese, a resolution was offered by some honest laymen, proposing to raise a committee to investigate the Bishop's financiering operations; but it was promptly refused. It was asserted that nothing beyond "indiscretion and carelessness" would be found against the most Reverend Bishop, and, as says a secular paper, "every heart was moved with a true sympathy for the reputation of the Bishop as for the reputation of the Church." And so, to save the reputation of both, they smother the facts and leave the world to put the worst possible construction on the whole affair. There is a strong presumption that there has been something very wrong, actually dishonest, or else there would not be so much shyness. It is not easy to conceive how a man of Mr. Doane's income could become involved to the amount of a quarter of a million, without some folly and extravagance that does not comport with his pretensions and position. He may have been honest, and complied with St. Paul's directions to Bishops, but we confess our inability to think so, without a little more frankness on the part of himself and his friend. Public nor private reports do not indicate that this Prelate has been very distinguished for benevolence, but his late sermon indicates that he is a man of tact, and thinks it difficult to attach too much worldly splendor to the Christian worship. Doubtless Rome would suit his taste—magnificent and gaudy churches, and well-fed priests, with an ignorant and famished population.

We regret to be obliged to state these things, but when a man occupying his position, and making the loudest pretensions to true faith and superior piety, swerves so manifestly from the path of honesty as he appears to have done, he ought to be rebuked by them of humbler pretensions, and the world put on its guard against such moral delinquencies. It is said he has an income of \$12,000 from his wife's property, besides a large salary from the Church, and yet fails for \$250,000! Monstrous! A servant of servants! a follower of Jesus Christ, who had not where to lay his head! A Bishop in the true Church, by "regular and unbroken succession!"

But the Bishop is not without his companions and "sympathisers." Other Bishops and Priests besides him have lived in extravagance and gone through bankruptcy to cheat their honest creditors, or whitewash their characters, without having lost a glass of wine or a moment's sleep, and some of them still occupy high places in the church.

We give our most hearty assent to the following comments of the "Tribune," and recommend them to the attention of all:

"It is a lamentable truth that the popular morality with regard to Debt and Non-Payment is disgracefully lax in this Christian land. We have become so habituated to look to the Law for the collection of debts that most men have no idea of any pressing obligation to pay a debt other than the legal obligation. We understand that a man who *can't* pay is not culpable in neglecting to pay, but our '*can't*' has a very slippery significance. Many a man '*can't*' pay the mechanics and merchants whom he owes, simply because he lives extravagantly, hiring servants to do the work which belongs to his sons and daughters—because he lives in a more expensive house and spends more money for food, clothing, &c., than he has any moral right to dispose of. Many a man '*can't*' pay because he does not half work, nor exert himself near so much to get out of debt as he did to get in. The man who '*can't*' pay an honest debt has no right to indulge in luxuries—keep his sons at college nor his daughters at the piano. If he thus lives at the rate of three or four thousand dollars a year while the frugal and industrious importune him for what is their honest due, he is an outright swindler, no matter how high the circle he moves in nor how many churches he belongs to. These be truths, very obvious indeed, but apt to be forgotten."

So long as the moral sense of the church will pass lightly over the apparent discrepancies in the moral conduct of the clergy, there is little hope that Christianity will make much progress in the world. That is based on the principles of strict honesty and purity. It rejects all the splendor and nonsense of the world, and bestows its honors upon humility and goodness. It is a marvel that, with the New testament for a guide, so many are swerved from the simple duties its precepts enjoin, to follow after the pride and fashion of a perverse generation—that the people are so blind to the true relations and responsibilities of those who assume to be teachers and guides. The moral abominations of professors and priests, hinder more the progress and universal diffusion of Christianity, than all the Heresy and Infidelity which councils and conventicles ever decreed, or Inquisitions punished; and, until this evil is remedied, there is little hope that “righteousness will dwell in the earth,” or the world think favorably of religion. Such, at least, is the opinion of

W. S. B.

VALUABLE ASSOCIATIONS.

Br. A. C. Thomas, in a letter to the Western Olive Branch, speaks of an “olive walking cane,” which an ancient brother of the faith gave him, which was “cut from an olive tree, on the Mount of Olives.” In reference to it he employs the following beautiful and appropriate words:

“The olive sprout is intrinsically worth no more than any cane of equal size that might be taken any where from the woods; and yet its associations impart to it an indescribable value. How often it conveys me, in imagination, to Mount Olivet, where Christ taught, and to the garden where he prayed! How it links me to the many extraordinary scenes of the vicinity of the Holy City!”

No doubt the lively soul of our brother kindles with pure emotions when he looks upon that “olive cane.” It may well do so; for the association is intimate and suggestive. But what surprises us is, that our warm-hearted brother can see no similar power and fitness, blending with the holiest memories of the more grand and solemnly sublime in the character of Jesus Christ, in the “emblems of his body and blood,” as exhibited in the Communion Supper. He rejects the celebration of the Supper by outward symbols, but clings to his “olive cane” as imparting associations of “indescribable value.” But Quakers use canes—though sometimes put to a bad use—and the impressions of youth are apt to give a hue to one’s thoughts in after life. We can conceive a solution of this apparent inconsistency in the mind of our beloved brother, if not satisfactory to minds formed under other influences.

For ourselves we view the Eucharist very much in the light Br. T. does his cane; though vastly more valuable, as having been set forth by our Lord himself as a memorial of his love for the world—of his body which was to be broken, and his blood which was to be poured out for the redemption of the whole humanity. “It conveys us, in imagination,” to the holiest scenes in the Savior’s life—to the “upper room,” where he supped with his disciples, and gave them his last advice—and to Calvary, where he “gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.” It links us to many extraordinary scenes in the vicinity of the Holy City; and more, it takes us within the city, into the holiest of all, and symbolizes that body and blood, of which, if we eat not, we have no life in us.

Our brother will pardon us for our enlargement upon his suggestions, for he knows that we love him.

W. S. B.

The Emperor of Austria has caused medals to be struck in honor of Radetsky, and has sent him one in gold, another in silver, and a third in bronze.

THE EVANGELIST’S WORK.

Paul, in his charge to Timothy, exhorts him “to do the work of an evangelist, and make full proof of his ministry.” 2 Tim. iv. 5. On this passage Dr. Adam Clarke thus writes: “That is, preach Christ crucified for the sins of the whole world; for this, and this alone, is doing the work of an evangelist, or preacher of the glad tidings of peace and salvation by Christ. An angel from God was first sent to do the work of an evangelist; and how did he do it? Behold, said he, I bring you good tidings of great joy. Behold I evangelize unto you great joy which shall be to all people; to you is born a Savior. Those who do not proclaim Christ as having tasted death for every man, and who do not implicitly show that every human soul may be saved, do not perform the work of evangelists; they, God help them! limit the Holy One of Israel. Yet as far as they preach the truth in sincerity, so far God acknowledges and blesses them and their labors; they do a part of the work, but not the whole.”

How, then, is a preacher to prove that he is an evangelist? a gospel ambassador? We answer, by proclaiming the joyous tidings of a world’s salvation. The freeness and fullness of the redemption spoken of in the gospel constitute a prominent theme in his ministry. The abstract, single proposition, that “God will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth,” is not to be the exclusive and only subject of an evangelist. Yet he cannot do the work of a true gospel preacher without preaching this great and glorious truth; he cannot “make full proof” of his ministry, if he neglect to deliver the message proclaimed by the angel, “Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.” The preacher may write pretty essays on the development of the race, on philosophy, and spiritualism, and talk flippantly on psychology and the phases of progressive humanity; these afford no proof of his evangelism: he has not done the work of an evangelist, if he has omitted the great salvation. As well might we say that a farmer gives full proof of his skill and calling, who withholds the plough and the precious seed from his land. To do the work of an evangelist, then, is to preach Christ as the universal Savior; to proclaim the truth that he died for all, and tasted death for every man. This is not all of his work, but to make full proof of his ministry this should be done.

Paul in another place counsels Timothy in the following language: “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance. For therefore we both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Savior of all men, especially of those that believe. These things command and teach.” Teach that Christ died for all mankind; that faith in his name is the life of the soul; that he is “the way, the truth, and the life,” and make full proof of the ministry by being “an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.” This is the work of an evangelist. B. B. H.

PUBLIC DISCUSSION.

It will be perceived from the following document, that the public are to be favored with another discussion of the great question touching the ultimate destiny of the human race. Mr. Petrie is understood to be a Presbyterian Calvinistic clergyman of the old school, and has hitherto stood high in the ranks of the defenders of old fashioned Orthodoxy. It is certainly a very favorable indication, to have such a man throw aside the reserve that has hitherto characterized the leaders of his sect, and enter upon a discussion of the merits of Universalism. We could wish that he had manifested more boldness by consenting

to take a share of the affirmative in the controversy between Partialism and Universalism. His refusal to do so is more indicative of prudence on his part than of confidence in the truth of his own system of doctrine.

We are glad of the discussion however, at any rate, and if conducted in a proper spirit, which from the character and standing of the parties, we trust it will be, it cannot fail to result in good.

Will the N. Y. Observer and the Independent please copy the following notice:

We, the undersigned, do agree to hold a public Oral Debate, on the 12th day of July next, and discuss the following question and be governed by the following rules: "Do the Scriptures teach the ultimate holiness and salvation of all men?" Mr. Bulkeley to maintain the affirmative of said question, and Mr. Petrie the negative; each to speak once in a day, and neither to occupy more than two hours in one speech. The discussion to continue from day to day, until the disputants shall mutually agree to close the debate. There shall be three Moderators, whose duty it shall be to preserve order, and see that the speakers conform to the rules and regulations required; each disputant to name one moderator, and the two thus named to select a third. No new point of argument shall be introduced into the closing negative speech. The discussion shall open at 2 o'clock, P. M., on each day, unless another hour be mutually agreed upon by the disputants.

Any of the above rules may be altered, or new ones inserted by mutual consent.

S. C. BULKELEY.
JAMES PETRIE.

Liberty, June 18th, 1849.

FOSTER'S LETTER AND AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

A work of rare interest has just been published in Boston, by Philips, Sampson, and Company. It contains the celebrated John Foster's Letter to a young Minister on the duration of future punishment, with an introduction and notes, consisting chiefly of extracts from orthodox writers. Then follows an earnest appeal to the American Tract Society in regard to the character of its publications. The introduction contains what different writers have said in relation to Mr. Foster—his intellectual powers—the attention he gave to the duration of punishment—his religious character—his reputation as a minister, and an orthodox christian. Among the writers quoted are the Rev. G. B. Cheever, D. D.; Rev. W. W. Everts, author of the *Life and Thoughts* of Rev. John Foster; Rev. S. T. Smith, Editor of the *Christian Review*; (Baptist); Rev. D. W. Philips, and John Sheppard, Esq. Quotations are also made from the *North British Review*, *British Quarterly Review*, *Electric Review*, *Crisp's Sermon on the death of Foster*, and the *New York Evangelist*. In the notes, we have extracts from *Baxter's Saint's Rest*; *Pikes Persuasive to Early Piety*; *Saurin on the Eternal Misery of hell*; showing the horrible character of the doctrine of endless misery. We have also an extract of a letter from Foster to Dr. Harris, and a note upon it by Dr. Harris. Besides these, we have extracts from writers supposed to receive the doctrine of endless punishment, showing to what an extent a disbelief in that doctrine prevails in Great Britain, Germany, and our own country. Quotations are made on this subject from Dr. Cheever, Henry E. Dwight, and Professor Stuart. The letter to the Tract Society is written with great ability, and filled with facts which show that some of its publications contain doctrines which the Committee of the Society would not endorse, abound in unscriptural thoughts; contain gross material representations of future punishment; are filled with charges against persons and sects not sustained by any proof; and have many misrepresentations of the Scriptures. Such is a general view of this important

work—a work which we have read with unmingled satisfaction. The author is unknown to us. We understand that he has been for many years connected with the orthodox; that he is a fine scholar and a man of high standing. It is destined to make a powerful impression upon the public mind. The orthodox will use all their influence against it. One house in New York, to whom it was forwarded for sale, returned it to the publishers, accompanied by a letter expressing much sorrow that they should have published such a work! Truth must be suppressed! People must not have the light! The book is for sale at this office. We hope to sell hundreds of copies within a few weeks. Price 25 cts.

O. A. S.

WILLIAMSBURGH.

This flourishing village is situated on Long Island, adjoining Brooklyn on the North, on the Eastern shore of the East River, and directly opposite the central part of New York city. Few places have equalled this in rapidity of growth. In 1840 the population was about 5,000; in 1845, about 11,000—having more than doubled in five years; and it will probably number more than 20,000 when the next census is taken, in 1850.

The increase of business has not by any means kept pace with that of population. This is because of the contiguity of the place to New York—thousands residing there who do business in the great city. There are three excellent ferries between the two places, leaving each side every ten or fifteen minutes, and running (though not so often) all night. It is thus rendered quite convenient for people to transact business in New York, and reside in Williamsburgh; where their families are free from the bustle and confusion of the city, and enjoy the pure air and quiet of a country village.

We have here a respectable society of our faith, owning a neat and convenient Church edifice in which public religious service is attended every Sabbath. I was the first minister of this society, having commenced my labors here nearly four years since. About that time, a few good friends resolved to make an effort in behalf of our cause. They hired an inconvenient, out-of-the-way building called the "Tabernacle," which was the best place they could procure. For about three months, they were supplied with preaching by different ministering brethren—mostly those residing in New York. Then they engaged my services; and with them I have labored till the present time.

A good degree of prosperity has attended us. We have a church organization, numbering upwards of 30 members, an excellent Sabbath School, of about 125 scholars, under the care of Br. G. L. Demarest—Conference meetings every Thursday evening, and our meeting house is an ornament to the village, as well as an honor to the Denomination. If our friends are faithful, nothing can prevent them from enjoying continued prosperity.

H. L.

CORRECTIONS.

In No. 32, June 23d, a blunder escaped detection in the poem by "Alice," *Youths' Department*. The word "Ann" should have been "Mr." In last week's paper, under the secular head, *Deaths in New York*, read June for July. "To err is human." "He that confesseth and forsaketh shall find mercy."

GOD'S WILL.—Paul says "God will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth. 1 Tim. ii. 4. Reader, is this your will? If not, you are unreconciled to God, and need conversion.

H. L.

INTERVENTION FOR THE POPE.

In an article quoted into the 'Freeman's Journal,' from the 'Tablet,' we find the following words:

"The Holy Father absolutely despairs of any successful resistance by the peaceable and well-disposed inhabitants of Rome, to the bands of native and foreign brigands by whom a reign of terror is maintained."

"*Native and foreign brigands.*" Who constituted the Body Guard of his Holiness? Foreign Swiss Republicans! Not a Roman among them. But everybody knows that the first and best citizens in Rome are the leaders in the Revolution, and that without the intervention of the trained "brigands" of foreign nations, the Pope nan never set foot in the Quirinal palace again. Don't lie for the glory of the Church, or the honor of the Pope.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS

Met at Pottsville on Wednesday morning, June 6, 1849. After uniting in prayer, the Council was organized by electing Robert M. Palmer, Esq., Moderator, and Br. James Gallagher, Clerk, Minutes of the last session were read and approved.

DELEGATES PRESENT.—Philadelphia Association: Abel C. Thomas, Samuel Ashton, clerical; and James Tyson, of Philadelphia, and Milton Boon of Catawissa, by election. Union Association: Aaron B. Grosh, James Gallagher, clerical; and Robert M. Palmer, Reubin St. Clair, and James E. Wilson, lay.

Also present of the ministry, J. W. McMaster, of Kensington, and R. K. Brush, of Pottsville, who were invited to participate in the deliberations of the Council.

1. Brs. Grosh, Palmer and Gallagher were appointed a committee to report a plan for Missionary operations in this State.

2. The establishment of a denominational paper having been freely discussed, Brs. Abel C. Thomas and Aaron B. Grosh were appointed to correspond with ministering and lay brethren on the subject, and make a report at the next session of this Convention, or to some subordinate body, if thought expedient.

3. A communication was received from Br. Samuel Ashton, setting forth that the case of discipline presented at the last session of this Convention, had not yet been investigated, and calling attention to the recommendation of the United States Convention. Whereupon the following committee was appointed to prepare a memorial to the New Jersey Convention, accompanied by such resolutions and action as they might think just and expedient in the case, namely, Brs. Milton Boon, of Catawissa, Robert M. Palmer and R. K. Brush, of Pottsville.

4. The following delegates were appointed to the next session of the United States Convention: Laymen—Hon. John Galbraith, of Erie, Hon. John Ritter, of Reading, John Wilson of Factoryville, J. Comley, of Whitehaven, Robert M. Palmer, Esq. of Pottsville, Elijah Dallet of Philadelphia. Clerical—Nathaniel Stacy, of Columbus, B. F. Hitchcock of Erie, A. B. Grosh, of Reading, and A. C. Thomas, of Philadelphia. The delegates having power to fill vacancies.

THURSDAY MORNING.—The committee on Missionary operations made a report, which, after some discussion, was laid over until the next session of the Convention.

The committee on the case of discipline, reported a memorial to the N. J. Convention, accompanied by resolutions conforming to the advice of the U. S. Convention, for the formation of a mutual council, to investigate the charges preferred against Rev. Asher Moore, by Messrs. John M. Butler and Isaac S. Ashton.

Dr. D. F. Condee, of Philadelphia, was appointed a committee on the part of this Convention, to meet a similar committee to be appointed by the N. J. Convention; after

which the memorial and resolutions were unanimously ordered to be engrossed for the signatures of the delegates and the ministering brethren present, which was accordingly done.

The clerk of this session was instructed to forward said document, together with the communication of Br. Samuel Ashton, to the N. J. Convention, first furnishing the Standing Clerk of this Convention with attested copies.

Resolved, That the next session of this Convention be held at such place, within the bounds of the North Branch, or Susquehanna Association, as the Standing Clerk may appoint.

Resolved, That the clerk prepare the minutes for publication in the Christian Messenger, and Trumpet, requesting the Star in the West to copy.

R. M. PALMER, Moderator.

JAMES GALLAGHER, Clerk.

REMARKS.—The Pennsylvania Convention, perhaps, never enjoyed a more pleasant, or happy session, than the one lately held in Pottsville: Quite a large number of friends were present from different sections of the State, and were received and entertained in the usual warm-hearted and hospitable manner of the Universalists of Pottsville. The meetings were all extremely well attended, and the testimony of the word of truth listened to with evident christian interest. Sermons were preached by Brs. Ashton, Grosh, Thomas and Gallagher, and the interest of the meeting was still more increased by the very excellent singing from the choirs of the Pottsville and Reading churches. The Society at Pottsville, under the care of our good Br. R. K. Brush, is evidently enjoying a good degree of prosperity. 14 members were received into its communion by the right hand of fellowship during the meeting. May pastor and people richly enjoy "the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel."

MINUTES OF THE ONTARIO ASSOCIATION.

Met at Victor, June 13th and 14th. Br. G. W. Montgomery, Moderator. Prayer by Br. A. Norwood. Members present: L. L. Spaulding, D. C. Tomlinson, G. W. Montgomery, J. J. Austin, H. L. Hayward, E. H. Dutton, M. B. Smith, J. R. Johnson, A. Norwood, Clerical. A. G. Pursey and D. Kenyon, Newark; S. Richardson and E. W. Gillis, Victor; H. W. Herrick and J. Robinson, Geneva; E. Cook and T. Thompson, Webster; M. Larzarlere and H. Woodsworth, Wolcott; John Lovejoy and H. Gerales, Fairport; B. Cady and F. Bradley, Lima; Geo. Smith, Livoud—Lay.

Committee of Discipline reported no cause of complaint. Com. of Fellowship and Ordination, no action; report accepted, and Com. discharged. Appointed Br. G. W. Montgomery, J. J. Austin, and O. Roberts, Committee on Fellowship and Ordination, for the ensuing year. Brs. D. Kenyon, Newark; B. Cady, North Bloomfield; J. Lovejoy, Fairport, Committee of Discipline. M. B. Smith, M. W. Herring and L. L. Spaulding, Committee to revise the Constitution. Adopted the 7th Article of the Constitution as amended last year. Tendered thanks to Br. Hayward for his excellent Occasional Sermon. Chose Brs. G. W. Montgomery, J. J. Austin, Clerical; J. D. Ford, J. C. Eaton, Lay Delegates to the State Convention. Authorized the Clerk to appoint conferences. Appointed Br. Montgomery preacher of the next Occasional Sermon, at 10 1-2 o'clock of the first day of the session; and Br. M. B. Smith to deliver a Sermon in behalf of Sabbath Schools, at 10 1-2 of the second day. Voted, that the Clerk prepare the minutes for publication in our state papers. Prayer by Br. Smith. Adjourned to meet in Newark on the second Wednesday and Thursday in June 1850.

G. W. MONTGOMERY, Moderator.

J. R. JOHNSON, Clerk.

STATISTICS.—Fine Meeting House and Society in Rochester,

and preaching every Sabbath by Br. G. W. Montgomery. M. H. Church and Society in Victor, and Preaching every Sabbath, by Rev. J. R. Johnson. M. H. Society in Webster, and preaching every Sabbath by Rev. J. J. Austin. M. H. Society in Geneva, and preaching every Sabbath by Rev. S. W. Remington. M. H. (revived) Society in Woolcot, and preaching half of the time by Rev. Wm. McNeal. M. H. Society in Fairport, and preaching half the time, by Rev. M. B. Smith. M. H. Society in N. Bloomfield, and preaching half of the time by Rev. C. H. Dutton. M. H. Society in Livoud, and preaching half of the time by Rev. O. Roberte of Lakeville. M. H. Society in Newark. M. H. Society in Bristol, had preaching past year, at present no pastor. Revs. J. Whitney, C. Hammond and J. Chase, Rochester. L. L. Spalding, Webster, O. Ackley, Geneva, devote a part of their time to the Ministry.

The Clerk says this session was one of unusual interest—weather pleasant—preaching excellent of course, by Brs. Hayward, Norwood, Montgomery, Tomlinson, J. J. Austin and Van Campen. Attendance on public services about 600. The Clerk continues:

Our cause is decidedly prosperous in this Association. We have a prosperity founded upon a love of the Gospel, and its sublime utility. Two Societies which sustained preaching half the time last year, now have stated preaching. One old Society is being revived, and they are now repairing their house of worship. We have held three Conferences the past year, in Methodist houses, which were very fully attended. The walls of partition are falling down, which divide the sects, as truth is going forth to victory! Brethren of the Fraternity! be of good comfort, the sun of glory is sending down his beams of light and joy! Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life! (Christian Guardian please copy.)

Fraternally, J. R. JOHNSON.

RECEPTION OF FATHER MATHEW.

The secular papers announce the order of reception planned for this distinguished man, who is soon expected to visit our country, being already on his way. It seems our City government has taken the matter in hand, and projected a grand reception as though he were a high public functionary, a President, or some distinguished political leader, or military chieftain instead of a plain parish Priest, and a Temperance Lecturer. What has stirred our "City Fathers," so suddenly to show this boundless respect to an Irishman, more than to any other Priest from his country? Oh, it is said he is a great "Apostle of Temperance." Indeed? And is it for that he is to be honored? He is worthy of all, doubtless, and more than will be shown him.

The curious part of the matter is that a Corporation that licenses several thousand Grog-Shops and suffers them to be kept open on the Sabbath in violation of law and order for which they profess so much respect, have become so wonderfully respectful, as to do homage to a mere "Temperance Lecturer!" It is questionable too, how long a majority of those who take part in the "honorable work," do really respect Temperance and give their influence in its favor! The offering is deserved, but it should be presented by pure hands, and be not marred in the giving. It is a cause of much gratulation that eminent virtue always deserves praise even at the hands of vice, and sometimes receives it. It would be wrong to suppose a moment that any other feelings than those of the profoundest respect for Temperance has had an influence in this parade. It would be unpardonable to think that Irish votes are ever thought of when such encomiums are bestowed upon such a man.

Were we in political life we would suggest one thing to the proper authorities—that all the grog-shops should be closed during the parade, and, if possible, during the stay of our eminent Temperance guest, *particularly on Sundays*, as the law requires. The military could not be required to do it: and nothing could be more gratifying to Father Mathew or the friends of Temperance, than such a demonstration in behalf of the cause which has given him his distinguished position.

We cut the following from the "Independent," and commend it to our readers. It is too good to be lost.

OBJECTIONS TO THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

Some of our friends in the *Evangelical Alliance* do not seem to get at the gist of our objections to their association. A writer in the June number of the "Christian Union" alludes to these objections as follows:—

"The Alliance is looked upon by many as a failure, because the great object it contemplates is not accomplished at once. Now it strikes me the same objection might with equal justice be brought against the missionary cause, and probably has arisen in minds which would be seeking for objections. A man called upon to contribute to the cause of missions might as justly refuse to give because he expected his former contributions would have resulted in the world's conversion, as one might withhold his support from the Alliance because Christians were not everywhere united throughout the world."

Now we object to the Alliance, not because it has not "at once" effected the external and visible union of all Christians throughout the world, but because it never can effect that union at all, has no tendency to effect it, does not even propose to effect it, creates additional barriers to such a union by building a new wall outside of the old forts and ditches of sectarianism—leaving them all intact—and yet running that wall sharp and angular with its nine buttresses, far inside the circle of Christ's universal Church.

HARTFORD COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

This Association met at West Suffield, Ct. June 6. Appointed Brs. T. P. Abell, A. L. Loveland and George Francis, a Committee on Fellowship and Ordination. Brs. G. Lee, N. Granby, C. Howe, Pequonock; and E. Shepherd, Hartford, Conn., of Discipline. Br. T. P. Abell, preacher of the next Occasional Sermon.

Elected the following delegates to the next State Convention: H. B. Soule, A. L. Loveland and T. P. Abell, clerical; Martin Faucher, No. Granby; J. B. Clark, Pequonock; A. Woodruff, Hartford; W. Thayer, Winsted; W. Gladding, Berlin; W. S. Camp, Middletown, lay. Power was granted the delegates to appoint substitutes.

Voted, Thanks to the Methodist Society for their kindness and Christian liberality in granting the use of their Church for the services of the occasion.

Adjourned to the First Wednesday in June, 1850, at such a place as the Standing Clerk may appoint.

Sermons were preached by Brs. A. L. Loveland, (Occasional,) Soule and Stickney; and the session is spoken of as having been one of great interest.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE OFFERING.

Nafis and Cornish are getting out a work in the style of an Annual, bearing the above title. We have been favored with a sight of the volume in an incomplete form, and are satisfied that it will be one of the most popular books of the season. It is edited by T. S. Arthur, which is a sufficient guarantee that the reading matter will be interesting and useful. The engravings are numerous and elegant, and the binding in the most beautiful and substantial style. The sons of Temperance will no doubt, highly prize their "Offering."

PEQUONOCK AND SOMERS, CT.

We learn from the Trumpet that our cause in the above places is prospering. In Somers a new Church is being erected, where it is expected a preacher will be employed all the time; one elderly person, a devoted friend, having made provision whereby the Society will receive an annual income of three hundred dollars for this purpose.

ANOTHER CONVERSION IN THE MINISTRY.

The "Lowell American" says Rev. E. A. Rice, a Clergyman of the Methodist denomination, well known in that city, has become a Universalist, and took part in the services at Br. U. Clark's Church on Sunday June 17.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

We are making arrangements to supply Sunday Schools and their Libraries with the most choice and popular Books of the present day.

We have on hand, the newly published Memoir of Mrs. Mayo—Thayer's Defence of Christianity, &c., suitable for all classes of readers, or to add to judiciously selected Libraries. Orders will be promptly attended to on the most reasonable terms from any part of the city or country.

BR. THAYER'S BOOK:

Are our readers aware that we have for sale, at our office, a new edition, enlarged and much improved, of Br. T. B. Thayer's invaluable work entitled "Christianity against Infidelity or the Truth of the Gospel History?" It is here, come buy it, and read it, and learn how conclusive are the evidences of the religion of Christ.

STEAM BOAT CONNECTICUT.

This elegant floating palace is now on the route between this and New Haven, leaving this city every day, at 3 P.M. To those desirous of escaping from the sultry atmosphere of the city, and also avoiding the dust and heat of the Cars, we can think of no more pleasant excursion than a trip to New Haven. Capt. Peck, the Clerk, and Steward, are most gentlemanly and obliging in their department, towards those under their charge, and as present arranged, this boat is the quickest, pleasantest, and cheapest conveyance to our neighboring city.

THE DISTINCTIVE IDEA OF UNIVERSALISM.

It is strange that people cannot, or will not, understand our distinguishing sentiment. We are perpetually misrepresented on this head, and can expect nothing else from our bitter enemies, the self-styled Orthodox. But are we always to be treated in this way by our professedly liberal brethren—the Unitarians? The Christian Inquirer, of last week, speaking of our views of salvation, says: it is "something to be uniformly and unqualifiedly, and without regard to character, wrought by God or by death, upon every soul, at the moment of dissolution, introducing all to equal happiness and holiness." This is the distinctive idea of Universalism.

The Enquirer errs greatly in this statement. Our "distinctive idea" has ever been, still is, and no doubt, will ever continue to be, *the final holiness and happiness of all men*. Murray and Winchester were Universalists, though they believed in limited future punishment; and there are many among us at the present time, who entertain this belief. On this subject there is a diversity of opinion in our ranks; but we all believe in the final holiness and happiness of all men. This,

we repeat, is our "distinctive idea;" and may we not hope that those who profess to be our friends, will cease to misrepresent us? H. L.

REMOVAL.

Rev. E. H. Lake has removed from Great Falls N. H., to East Bridgewater, Mass., and wishes all papers directed accordingly.

By the Prospectus, which has been forwarded us, we learn that the 'Gospel Teacher' and 'Universalist Miscellany,' are to be united, and enlarged, so as to contain 32 pages 8 vo. every month, the first No. to be issued on the first of July, and contain a likeness of Rev. C. H. Fay, of this city. Rev. J. G. Adams, Editor; Rev. T. H. Miller, assistant Editor, who are competent to make the paper one of much interest. J. M. Usher, 37 Cornhill, Boston, is the publisher. Any persons desiring the work may send their names to this office. Terms \$1 a year in advance.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

GIVE AND TAKE.

What is there beside like taking,
That can cure the heart of aching,
'Tis in truth, one half of living;
And the other half is giving.

What we earn and what we buy,
Cannot make the heart beat high;
Cannot wake the tear-drop while
All the face is in a smile;

Cannot touch the secret springs
Of the soul's imaginings;
Cannot ope the fountain wide
Whence outflows the heart's full tide.

Oh, if it were not for giving,
What would be the joy of living?
Oh, if it were not for taking,
What would keep the heart from breaking?

New London, Ct. M.

Selected.

Letters to the Rev. Charles Fustian.

AN ANGLO-CATHOLIC.

LETTER FIRST.

Your object to being called a Puseyite, or a Tractarian; and as I believe you never read any of the Tracts, nor were lucky enough to comprehend any of Dr. Pusey's writings, you are right to decline the names. But it is easy to perceive, even from your outward man, that some great change has taken place in you. It is not for nothing that you wear so very tight a neckcloth, and so very low collared a coat; your buttons also are peculiarly placed, and there is a solemnity in your manner of refusing an invitation to pot-luck on a Friday which it is edifying to behold. But all this surely must have a name. You were intended by your father to be a clergyman of the Church of England—that worthy gentleman toasted church and king, till a female reign and premonitory symptom of apoplexy reduced him to silence and water-gruel; but he is as true a defender of the faith, in his easy gown and slippers, as ever, and looks with still increasing surprise at the appearance of

his eldest son, as often as occasional help in your curacy enables you to run home. But don't fancy, for a moment, that I attribute these frequent visits to your regard for the fifth commandment alone: no, dear Charles, for though I grant you are an excellent son and praiseworthy brother, I consider you shine with still greater lustre in the character of a neighbor, especially to the family at Hellebore Park. Gradually I have seen a change almost equal to your own in the seven fair daughters of that house; and it is very evident that, with this change, in some way or other, you are very intimately connected. The five daughters of our neighbor in the Lodge are also very different from what they were; and only Miss Lathpins—who is fifty years old, and believes good works to be such filthy rags that she would be quite ashamed if she were seen putting half-a-crown into the plate, or sending coal and flannel to the poor and therefore never does it—continues the even tenor of her way, and sighs for a gospel ministry to tell her how few will achieve the kingdom of heaven. Every other house in the parish feels the effects of your visits. We must have a new almanac if you come among us much more; for the very days of the week are no longer to be recognized. Tuesday, instead of being the lineal descendant of Monday, is now known as the heir presumptive of Wednesday, and does duty as the eve of something else. The wife of our physician invited us to dinner on the Feast of St. Ollapod, which, after great inquiry, we found meant Monday the 22d. The months will not long escape—the weeks are already doomed—and, in a few years, our parish registers will be as difficult reading as the inscriptions of Nemroud. Have you taken this result of your crusade against the High and Dry into your consideration? Is it right to leave a worthy man like our rector—who conducted his little ecclesiastical boat with great comfort to himself and others, keeping a careful middle channel between the shoals of Dissent and the mudbanks of contented Orthodoxy—to struggle in his old age against rocks which you and your female allies have rolled into the water; with fast-days rearing their sharp points where there used to be such safe navigation, and saint's days and festivals so blocking up the passage that he can't set his skiff near enough the shore, to enable him to visit his parishioners when they are sick or hungry? You would pin the poor old fellow for ever into his pulpit or reading-desk, and he never would have time to go to the extremity of his parish, which you remember, is five miles from the church; and, at the doctor's rate of riding, occupies him a good part of the day.

But perhaps you don't know what occurs as soon as your stay is over, and we see the skirts of your departing surtout disappear over the Hitherstone Hill. Immediately the whole coterie (which, in this instance, is an undiluted petticoatery) assembles for consultation. Pretty young girls, who would have been engaged ten years ago in the arrangements of a picnic, now lay their graceful and busy heads together, to effect an alteration in the height of the pews. My dear Charles, young ladies are by nature carpenters; they know all about hinges, and pannellings, and glue, by a sort of intuition: and it is clear to me that, before you return to us again, the backs of the seats will be lowered at least a foot, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing the whole extent of Tom Holiday's back, and the undulations of the three Miss Holiday's figures during the whole of the lessons. The rector can't hold out long—as indeed who could, against such petitioners? And after all, it is only so much wood; and his wife who has retained her shape with very little aid from padding, has no objection to stand up during the psalms, nor any inclination to put her light under a bushel at any time; and some of the younger people, who have not attained the stat-

ure of the Venus de Medici, complain that the present elevation of the backs, if it doesn't make dints in their bonnets, at all events cuts them off in the very middle; and my opposition, I am sorry to say, ever since I fell asleep at your sermon on the holiness of celibacy, is attributed to interested motives, and therefore you may fairly expect to find our pews reduced to the height and appearance of a row of rabbit-hutches, when you come back. This point they seem to consider already gained, and now they have advanced their parallels against the Doctor on another side of his defences.

The Doctor, even in his youth, can never have run much risk of being mistaken for Apollo—his nose was probably never of a Grecian pattern, as that ingenious people would certainly have rounded the point with a little more skill, and have placed the nostrils more out of sight. I have heard his front teeth were far from symmetrical and reminded old Major M'Turk of the charge of Maharatta irregular horse, by which that heroic gentleman lost his eye; but as he has got quit of those spirited, though stragling defenders, and supplied their place with a straight-dressed militia of enamel or bone, which do duty remarkably well, in spite of the bright yellow uniform they have lately assumed, I conclude that he has been a gainer by the exchange. And on the whole, I have no doubt, if there are some handsomer fellows in the Guards, and at the universities, there are several much uglier people to be seen in this very parish. It can't, therefore, be for the express purpose of escaping the sight of his face that they have begun their operations to force him to turn his back on them during the prayers. But this they are thoroughly resolved on achieving. They have already once placed the Bible surreptitiously on the side of the reading desk, towards the people, leaving the Prayer-Book on the side toward the south; and as the Doctor, in the surprise of the moment, began with his face in that direction, his elocution was wasted on the blank wall of the chancel and the empty pulpit; and we had the pleasure of an uninterrupted view of his profile, and a side-hearing also of his words, which gave us as complete a silhouette of the prayers as of the rector. When we come to the enjoyment of his full-face reversed, and can leisurely contemplate his occiput, and the nape of his neck—in which, I am sorry to see number one so powerfully developed—we shall have the farther advantage of not having our own meditations interrupted by hearing a syllable he says. He resists, indeed, at present, and even told a deputation of ladies that he would consult common sense on the occasion, and read so that the poor folks under the west gallery could join in every petition. Miss Araminta—your Araminta, Charles—lifted her beautiful eyes to the Doctor in surprise, and asked “if he really prayed to John Simpkins and Peter Bolt, for surely he could pray *for* them, and *with* them better, with his face to the altar;” and the Doctor said something about “girls minding their own business, and leaving him to his,” which would have led to very unpleasant consequences, if the rest of the ambassadors had not interfered, and smoothed the raven down of the Doctor's temper by some judicious declarations of respect for his office, and contempt for some unfortunate evangelical brethren in the neighborhood; till at last the old man took Araminta by the hand, and told her, with great truth, that she was one of the nicest girls in the world, and that he would ride fifty miles at a moment's warning, to save her an instant's discomfort. So they retired for that time, hinting that they were rather surprised that *their* rector should have used the same argument which had been employed by the Rev. Ebenezer Snuffle, the low church vicar of the adjoining village. A telling blow this, Charles, as you are well aware; for I verily believe the Doctor would soften towards the Ko-

ran, if his neighbor made an attack on Mahommed; so I wait the issue without much uncertainty as to what it will be. For all this, I can't help holding you, in a great measure, responsible; for there is no shutting one's eyes to the fact, that a decided step in advance is taken after every one of your runs into our parish. Your father, and Major M'Turk, and I, sink lower and lower in the estimation of your followers every day. Instead of the nice little parties we used to have, where the girls, most of whom we remember as infants used to sing "Lizzie Lindsay" for the amusement of the old ones, or play magic music, or games at forfeits, to please themselves, they now huddle up in a corner—if perchance no eve or fast prevents them from coming out to tea—and holding deep consultations on the state and prospects of the Church. And yet there is something so innocent and pretty in the way they manage their plots, and such a charming feeling of triumph fills their hearts when they have achieved a victory over the habits and customs of the village, that I hardly wonder they never pause in their career, or give ear to the warnings of studied old people like the trio I have named. In the mean time, they certainly have it all their own way,—in the injunctions they have laid on the poor people, to turn round at some parts of the service, stand up at others, and join in the most wonderful responses, in a set key, which they call *entoning*; and they have tormented the band so much with practising anthems, that half the population have turned dissenters in self-defence; and while the front seats are filled with *sattin* bonnets and India shawls, and the rustle of silks is like the flight of a thousand doves when the altitude needs to be changed, there isn't a poor person to be seen in the church except John Simpkins and Peter Bolt, and they I am sorry to say, are far from being the same quiet humble paupers they used to be; for our feminine apostles have been telling them of the honor and dignity of the poor, till there is no bearing their pride and self-conceit. Sometimes, out of respect to the Doctor, and a reverence for the old church, the grocer, the carpenter, a few of the shopkeepers still make their appearance in the afternoon, but they are like children the first time they go to Astley's and stare with wonder at all the changes they see; and even our rector himself has become so confused, that he doesn't feel altogether sure that he has't turned a dissenter, for the mode, if not of conducting, at least of joining in service, is something quite different from what he has been used to.

Now dissent, as you know, has been the bugbear of the Doctor through life. The very name carries with it something inexpressibly dreadful, and among the most terrifying to him of all the forms of dissent was that of Rome. But lately, a vast number of bright eyes have been lifted to the ceiling, and a great many beautiful lips opened, and a great many sweet voices raised in opposition to any hostile allusion to the objects of his abhorrence. "The church of Feleon," says one in a reverential tone, "can surely not be altogether apostate." "The church of the two Gregories the church of A'-Beckett and Dustan, of St. Senanus, St. Januarius, and the Seven Chapions of Christendom, can never have fallen away from the faith," exclaims Miss Tindarella Swainlove in a very contemptuous tone, when the Doctor contrasts the great and ambitious names of Rome with the humility required in a Christian pastor. "In short, Dr. Smiler, we wish to know," she said not a week ago, when she had gone up to the parsonage to practice a Gregorian chant on Chrstina Smiler's concertina—"we wish to know, Doctor Smiler, whether religion consists in bare plaster walls and a cassack? 'Certainly not my dear Tindarella, but you will observe'—"

"O, we only want an answer to that question," said

the young lady, interrupting; "for allow me to tell you, we feel our devotion greatly excited by the noble solemnity of a service decently conducted with albe and chasuble, in a building fitted for its high destination by the richest combination of architecture and the arts."

Tindarella is nineteen years of age, as decided in her manner as a field-marshal. "May I ask, my dear, who the 'we' are in whose name you speak?" inquired the rector.

"Not Mr. Ruggles the grocer, nor Chipper the Carpenter, but all who are qualified by their fortune, and position in life, to judge on the subject," was Tindarella's spirited rejoinder.

"Really," said the Doctor, "you young ladies are very much changed from what you were. Two years ago, I used to have great difficulty in keeping you from balls and archeries, and had frequent occasion to lecture you for inattention in church. What in the name of wonder has come over you all?"

"Do you find fault with us for having given up frivolities, and turned reverent and attentive during the service?" inquired his questioner with a sneer.

"Far from it, my dear,—very far from it; but I should like very much to know what is the cause of the change. I trust, my dear Tindarella, it isn't connected with the marriage of Lieutenant Polker, with whom I remember you danced every night last winter."

"Lieutenant Polker," replied Tindarella, "has married a dissenter, or a person of low church principles, and that is as bad, and he has nothing whatever to do with our duty to the Holy Catholic Church I assure you, sir."

"Then it must be that silly ignorant coxcomb, Charles Fustian, my own godson, my favorite from his youth—an excellent fellow, but a conceited ass—I wish he had never gone into the diocese of Vexer."

This is the tender way in which you are spoken of, my dear Charles; and I feel sure you will appreciate the compliment paid to you by the Doctor, losing his temper, but retaining his affection.

There was a blush on Tindarella's cheek as she entered into a defence of "the Reverend Charles Fustian, a priest of our church;" and she almost curtsied in reverence for your name and office; and I advise Araminta to keep watch over her friend's proceedings, for I don't think Tindarella is so deeply attached to the doctrine of celibacy as she pretends. And I take this opportunity also, my dear Charles, to tell you that I shall keep watch over you; and if I find you casting your smiles at Tindarella, and holding her by the hand, and recommending her to enter into the privileges of confession, in the summer house in her father's garden—and holding forth all the time on the blessings of a conventual life and penance, and hair shirts and a cat-o'-nine-tails—I shall be greatly inclined to recur to the discipline that used to improve your manners greatly when you were a little boy, and use the scourge with more effect than when you apply it to your shoulders with your own hand.

The Doctor has just been here, and as I know you will be rejoiced to hear the news he gave me, I will transmit it to you at once.

"Buddle," he said to me, "you have perhaps seen how vainly I have tried to resist the parish, at least the young ladies of the parish; for I am sorry to say, that, with the exception of yourself and two or three others of the seniors, the parish has left me to fight the battle alone."

"My dear Smiler," I replied, "what can we do? Surely, if we lie quiet on our oars, the fancy for that sort of thing will go off."

"Not at all, as they get older it will get worse. There

is some hope for them when they are very young, but in a few years there is no chance of escaping a universal passing over to the Pope; and between ourselves,"—and here the Doctor looked at the door, as if he wished to bolt it with a twist of his eye,—"I am in great anxiety of mind lest they carry me with them. Yes, my good Buddle, it would not surprise me if I awoke some morning and found myself a monk."

"How? Haven't you signed the articles and repeated the creed, and the oath of abjuration, and all that?"

"That is no defence. Those girls go to work so scientifically, carrying one object first, and then another; and they are so good and active, and amiable, and so useful in the parish, and so clever, and defer so respectfully to my judgment in all things, that I find there is not an alteration which has taken place in the parish that I did not at first oppose, and end in a very short time by ordering on my own authority. Yes, my dear friend, I feel that, if not supported by some person of stout uncompromising church principles, I shall probably find myself eating fish on Fridays, and administering castigation to myself in my old age, and listening to young ladies' confessions, and flogging Araminta or Cinderella in atonement for their tasting a mutton-chop on a fast-day."

"It would do them both a great deal of good."

"No doubt of it, my dear Buddle; and if they were five or six years younger, such things would soon be put out of their heads." And here he clenched his hand on his riding switch, and looked like the picture of Doctor Busby. "But, as it is, I think I have stolen a march on them. Look at that."

So saying, he pointed to an advertisement in the *Record* newspaper, which stated that "a curate was wanted for a country parish; he must be under thirty, an eloquent preacher and reader; and finally, that no Tractarian need apply."

"And he's coming, sir: the Reverend Algernon Sidney Mount Huxtable; a man of good family, tolerable fortune, and highly orthodox principles, is coming! I expect him next week, as he is only eight-and-twenty, and unmarried, I think he will be an excellent assistant in repelling these attacks on our admirable Establishment."

So, with this piece of information, my dear Charles, I conclude, as I am anxious to go through the houses in the village, and see the effect of the announcement on the charming little army which Major M'Turk irreverently calls St. Ursula's dragoons.—[*Blackwood's Magazine*.]

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY LOUISA.

Father, who dwell'st above,
Look down with eye of love,
And on my childish head
Thy choicest blessings shed;
Teach me thy love to know,
Poured out on all below.

Help me to love thy Son,
Thy dear Anointed One,
Who came on earth to die,
And fit us for the sky;
And ever let me be,
Like Him, from passion free.

O, bless my parents dear,

My sister ever near;

May I be gentle, kind

To them and all mankind—

And then when death is o'er,

We'll meet on Heaven's bright shore!

Millington, Conn.

STUDY A CHILD'S CAPACITIES.

If some are naturally dull, and yet strive to do well, notice the effort, and do not censure their dullness. A teacher might as well scold a child for being near sighted, as for being naturally dull. Some children have a great verbal memory, others are quite the reverse. Some minds develop early, others late.—Some have great powers of acquiring, others of originating. Some may appear stupid, because their true spring of character has never been touched. The dunce of a school, may turn out in the end the living, progressive, wonder-working genius of the age. In order to exert the best spiritual influence, we must understand the spirit upon which we wish to exert that influence. For with the human mind, we must work with nature, and not against it. Like the leaf of the nettle, if touched one way, it stings like a wasp; if the other, it is softer than satin. If we would do justice to the human mind, we must find its peculiar characteristics, and adapt ourselves to individual wants. In conversation on this point with a friend who is now the principal in one of our best grammar schools, and to whose instruction I look back with delight,—"Your remarks," said he, "are quite true; let me tell you a little incident which bears upon this point. Last Summer, I had a girl who was exceedingly behind in all her studies.—She was at the foot of her division, and seemed to care but little about her books. It so happened that as a relaxation, I let them at times during school hours unite in singing. I noticed that this girl had a remarkably clear, sweet voice; and I said to her, 'Jane, you have a good voice, and you may lead in the singing.' She brightened up, and from that time her mind seemed to be more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she soon gained a high rank. One day as I was going home, I overtook her with a school companion. 'Well, Jane,' said I, 'you are getting along very well; how happens it, you do so much better now than at the beginning of the quarter?' 'I do not know why it is,' she replied, 'I know what she told me the other day,' said her companion.

"And what was that?" I asked.

"Why, she said she was encouraged."

Yes, here we have it—she was encouraged. She felt that she was not dull in everything.—She had learned self-respect, and thus she was encouraged.

Some twelve or thirteen years ago, there was in the Franklin school an exceedingly dull boy. One day the teacher, wishing to look out a word, took up the lad's dictionary, and opening it found the blank leaves covered with drawings. He called the boy to him.

"Did you draw these?" said the teacher.

"Yes, sir," said the boy with a downcast look.

"I don't think it well for boys to draw in their books," said the teacher; and I would rub these out if I were you; but they are well done. Did you ever take lessons?"

"No, sir," said the boy, his eyes sparkling.

"Well, I think you have a talent for this thing; I should like you to draw me something when you are at leisure, at home, and bring it to me. In the meantime see how well you can recite your lessons."

The boy felt he was understood. He began to love his teacher. He became animated and fond of his books.

He took delight in gratifying his teacher by his faithfulness to his studies; while the teacher took every opportunity to encourage him in his natural desires. The boy became one of the first scholars, and gained the medal before he left school. After this he became an engraver, laid up money enough to go to Europe, studied the works of the old masters, sent home productions from his own pencil, which found a place in some of the best collections of paintings, and is now one of the most promising artists of his years in the country. After the boy gained the medal, he sent the teacher a beautiful picture as a token of respect; and I doubt not to this day he feels that that teacher, by the judicious encouragement he gave to the natural turn of his mind, has had a great moral and spiritual effect on his character.

"DON'T KILL THE BIRDS."

The feathered choristers who give so gay a welcome to the Spring, have re-appeared in numbers and early in the morning may be heard warbling on every spray. The cedar-birds in goodly numbers may be seen clustered on the tree-tops, or hurrying through the air like a storm of forest leaves in autumn. Then there is the robin, the "honest robin," as old Isaac Walton says, "that loves mankind, living and dead." Who shall say that the sparrow is of no account? Then there is the blue-bird, one of the most delicate and graceful of creatures—and the blue jay, the dandy of the woods, with its dashing crest, his blue jacket and white waistcoat, and sharp conceited voice. Who loves not birds has no music in his soul. They lend a charm to the country, wanting which, the groves and hedgerows would be sad and lifeless. We trust that every farmer and gardener knows by this time that the birds are his best allies, and is prepared to set his face against all slaughterous demonstrations on the part of truant urchins or cockneys of a larger growth. We like to encourage the birds about our premises, wherever we chance to be located. They are welcome to fill their crops, from ours, for they well earn the little they eat.

We would not give much for their safety, however, if we chanced to be settled in the neighborhood of Paris instead of the vicinity of Boston, for there everything that flies is fair game to the metropolitan chasseurs. Sparrows are much sought after, and are attracted by little bits of mirror attached to a spring, stuck in the ground, from which a fine string passes to the sportsman's (?) leg, who agitates the apparatus, and fires when his victims have assembled.

We once remarked to a French gentleman as an evidence of the return of spring, that the blue birds had come.

"What?" he exclaimed with phrenzied delight—"Little blue birds about as large as an egg? My friend—they are delicious! Let us form a *partie de chasse* and shoot some."

Poor fellow! he was ignorant of the nobler excitement of woodcock and partridge shooting, and had never aspired to any larger game than sparrows or swallows

[*Bos Olive Branch.*]

A NOBLE CHILD.

At one of the anniversaries of a Sabbath School in London, two little girls presented themselves to receive a prize, one of whom had recited one verse more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of Scripture. The gentleman who presided enquired, "And couldn't you have learned one verse more, and thus have kept up with Martha?"

"Yes, sir," the blushing child replied; "but I loved Martha, and kept back on purpose."

"And was there any one of all the verses you have learned," again enquired the President, "that taught you this lesson?"

"There was, sir," she answered, blushing still more deeply; "*In honor preferring one another.*"

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Usher, credit Henry A. Royce \$1 for U. Miscellany, charge this office and discontinue. Discontinue Thomas Warren's Miscellany, E. Knapp's, and J. W. Morris's.

Send April, May, and June Nos. Miscellany to Mrs. Abigail Delavan, Genesee Falls, Wyoming Co., N. Y. She wishes to continue next volume.

Stop S. L. Fowler's Miscellany.

Br. Tompkins, credit Isaac Conklin \$2 for Ladies' Repository, and J. H. Aldrich \$4, and charge this office. Send Ladies' Repository to Mrs. William Dunning, Ridge P. O., Livingston Co., N. Y., commencing with new volume.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. T. B. Thayer will preach in Williamsburgh next Sabbath (tomorrow) morning, and Br. E. H. Chapin in the afternoon.

Br. H. Lyon will preach in Westport, Ct., the last Sunday in July.

CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE

AT GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y.

The Ladies' Sewing Society would respectfully announce that they will celebrate the Fourth of July with a Fair; and respectfully invite the public to meet them on that day, in the basement of the Universalist church, and examine their extensive assortment of Fancy Goods and Refreshments.

STEBUEN ASSOCIATION.

The Steuben Association will meet in Annual Session at Reading, on the last Saturday, 30th, and following Sunday in June, 1849.

Ministering brethren and friends all—who can make it convenient—we hope to see you at our meeting.

Delegates from the several societies will see the necessity of their attendance early on Saturday; as the business of our Council must be commenced and closed on that day.

Papers of our denomination sent to this place, please notice the above. A. UPSON, S. Clerk.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 18th inst., by Rev. W. S. Balch, Mr. George Van Schoonhoven, to Miss Lucy Jane Elleaud

By Rev. C. S. Brown, of Harford, Mr. E. G. Beard, to Miss Emeline Bowen, both of Newark, N. Y.

DEATHS.

In Castile, Wednesday night, May 30, Mr. Rufus Brown, aged 34 years. The subject of this notice destroyed his own life. It is believed that the absence of Christian faith, (a faith which he had lost by reading and meditating upon the fooleries of Mesmerism, and the radical positions of Anti-slavery, and Anti-Sabbath men,) was one reason which made him low spirited, and made life undesirable to his diseased thoughts. Of this, however, nothing positive can be asserted, further than that his faith was all gone, and the future to him all dark. May God comfort the very highly esteemed friends of the departed, and keep them in the joy of his glorious truth, enabling them to 'love life and see good days.' A. KELSEY.

New-York Cattle Market...Monday, June 13.

At market, 1,500 Beef Cattle, (1,300 Southern, the remainder from this State and the East,) 50 Cows and Calves, and 4,000 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE.—There was a fair business done at the Upper Bull's Head during the week, and the same firmness in prices which has characterized the market for several weeks past was maintained. Sales of good retailing qualities at from 7c. to 9c. per lb. The market to-day, however, is rather inactive, and from the appearance of the yard, we should estimate the number unsold at 160 to 175. None exported or driven to Brighton.